

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY. The young lady across the way says before she decides how to vote she'd like to know which party is responsible for the law of supply and demand.

SUCH IS LIFE

O. B. JOYFUL LISTENING IN "Hello!" says she. "Hello yourself," says he. "You can't come over this evening," says she. "Why?" says he. "Cause Willie's got the measles," says she. "And does the measles keep him out of the parlor?" says he. "I'll say they do," says she. "Then I'm coming, for I do want to see how the parlor looks without Willie dodging in every two minutes," says he. "Better not," says she, "cause Willie's very cross." "Something of a contradiction, eh?" says he. "A what?" says she. "Contradiction," says he. "Impatient patient," says she. "Say," says she, "I know a good one, too. What is the most difficult lock to pick?" "One from a bald man's head," says he. "What country does a baby cry for?" says she. "Castoria," says he. "No," says she, "Lapland." "That ought to be looked into," says he. "What?" says she. "Oh, any mirror," says he. "Say," says she, "what's the difference between one yard and two yards?" "Three feet," says he. "No," says she, "the difference between one yard and two yards is a fence." "That proves to me that a woman is like the telegraph," says he. "How so?" says she. "She's always in advance of the mail intelligence," says he. "Of course, but it took the male intelligence a long time to learn it," says she. "Yes," says he, "but long, long ago male intelligence learned the difference between a woman and an umbrella." "And what is the difference?" says she. "An umbrella will shut up," says he. "My, you're smart," says she. "I am, very," says he. "I'm one of the few people who know the proper length of women's skirts." "It's a pleasure," says she, "to converse with a person who knows so much. I can hardly wait to find out how long skirts should be." "They should," says he, "be a little above two feet." "Two feet?" says she. "Sure," says he, "two feet, and those few who hate but one foot should wear skirts a little above that foot, and— Goodnight!" says she. "Goodnight," says he. See you tomorrow."

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

WILL ROGERS (HIMSELF)

in

WHAT'S NEWS TODAY?



EVERETT TRUE

By Condo



FINISHING A CARTOON I saw a cartoon the other day. It didn't make me feel just right. Being human, I like feeling good. A happy ending was needed. So I am finishing it up. Only mine will be a word picture. Then I will feel better. The cartoon was called: "When a Feller Needs a Friend." There was a big, powerful car. It was only half full of golfers. They were rich, stout men—plutes. Another was hurrying up. His caddy was just behind him. The man at the wheel called out: "Climb in, Bill; plenty room!" Limousine door was open. Bill said: "You bet! I'm all tired out." Cushion seats for three invited. Little caddy looked at them. His very back drooped wearily. His small face was wishful. Underneath it said: "Hopin' Someone'll Ast Him, 'Hop In.' I just can't stand it left so. I had a little boy once. So here's the word picture finish: Bill's got a boy of his own. He remembers how little they are. And how you mustn't say so. It hurts their feelings. So he shouts cheerfully: "You bet! I'm all tired out! And so's Jack, my caddy, here. He's a pretty strong chap. But I've given him a run today. Got a place for him?" The car-owner replies heartily: "Surest thing you know! Hop in, young man! Back seat there." Oh, boy! I'm—! Some ride Jack's face is a magnified sunbeam. The soft cushions feel like heaven. They cuddle his tired little back. His aching toes wriggle with joy. Cool breezes fan his hot face. His heart swells with pride. For ain't he a reg'lar feller? Joy-ridin' in a reg'lar car? And wasn't he a strong chap Mr. Duffer had said so. An' he'd been callin' 'im 'Ol' Dub' Jus' coz his golf was rotten! Never again! His heart was O. K. He had feller feelin's all right! Mebbe he had a kid of his own. Makes a man differ'nt, somehow. Isn't it odd? Cartoonists pull heart strings. Put themselves in a feller's place. Scout Bill (on a summer hike)—Say, Jack, let's divide our rations. Scout Jack—Let's. I have a canteen of water. Scout Bill—And I have dried tongue. Scout Jack—Now that you have had your shade of the water I'd like a bit of that dried tongue. Scout Bill—I haven't got any now!—Boys' Life. The first lifeboat ever made was built in 1802, and is still to be seen in Yorkshire, Eng. Gleaned by R. J. S. from a Topeka church calendar. "Preaching at 3 p. m. subject, 'A Voice from Hell.' Miss Holman will sing."—The Chicago Tribune.

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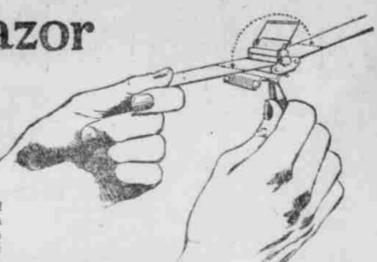
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